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# The Pacific Vedantin

"That which exists is one, sages call it variously."

*Rigveda, 1. 164. 46*

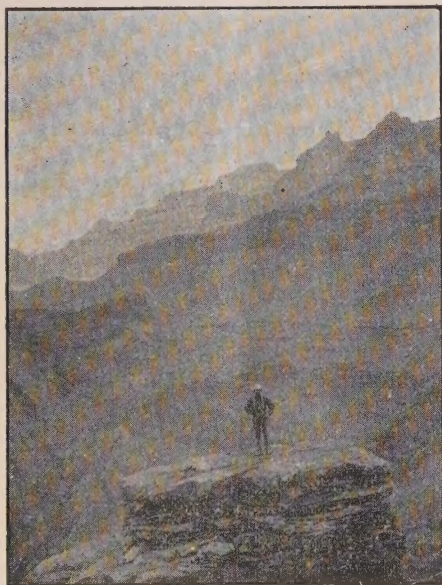
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Grand Canyon, Arizona



Our dear Swami Vivekananda is no more. He passed away without the slightest pain or struggle whatever while meditating and in Samadhi on July 4th last. His last words were, before beginning the meditation in which he passed away, "Wait and meditate till I call you." Saradananda.

All great spiritual teachers that have moved the world have left to humanity the essence of their wisdom, symbolized in a few short words or a sign. Christ, Mohammed, Krishna, the Hindu Parishes of old and all great souls have left a motto, mantram or a sweet sentiment, the crystallized essence of their best thought. The above short note explains itself. We shall henceforth adopt this jewel as our constant companion and mantram. It shall be set within our soul always telling us that the master is near.

"Wait and meditate till I call you."

### The Aryans

The San Francisco *Examiner* of August 16th began a series of articles entitled "The Aryans," emanating from the pen of the eminent astronomer and writer Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, of Mt. Lowe Observatory, Los Angeles, Cal. The Professor has just completed a series of beautiful articles in popular style on astronomy for that paper.

We quote the following from the *Examiner*: "Prof. Edgar L. Larkin is not only an astronomer of high rank, but he is also an authority on archæology and the prehistoric literature of mankind. The *Examiner* published his interesting series of papers on the Aryans, their literature, religions and customs.

The Aryans were the forefathers of the races; today rule the fairest portions of the earth. Their descendants are found in the Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavic, Persian and Hindu races. They rule the Americas, Europe except Turkey, a large portion of Asia, Australia and parts of Africa. The Mongolian, the Semitic, the Ultra-Altaic or Turkish, the Malay and the black races are the only important peoples who have held place in the earth against the Aryan. The white race today should feel an interest in those ancestors of long ago who gave the race qualities that have enabled it to conquer the earth. Without these qualities civilization would have been a very different matter. Another race would rule the world today, and we who are here today would never have existed.

No student of Vedanta Philosophy should miss this sublime literary and scientific treat. Each separate article is introduced by quotations from the Vedas or other ancient Aryan scriptures.—L.



# THE PACIFIC VEDANTIN

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## Grand Canyon of Arizona

Standing on Point Orient and looking west over this "roof garden of Arizona," the top floor as it were, one sees the outline of 217 miles of canyon, a linear measure of which, including all bays and headlands, side canyons and ravines, would be many hundreds more. Thirteen miles is its average width and it is over a mile in depth in many places. Looking down this vast long vista of time and things, one mentally measures the progressive civilization of the race from its cradle in the far east to the present time. Far out in unknown eastern regions come little rivulets, creeks and streams that unite here to form an irresistible flood that sweeps westward with tremendous force, like the civilization which it simulates, and which still feeds the hungry world. Varily this is the necropolis for the Pantheon of the ages, in which is buried the dead gods of all nations and all times. Dead, but still living in memory by virtue of those stupendous monuments, dedicated to memory in all their majestic mystery and magic lore. From the beginning of this gigantic chasm in its far eastern extremity, where little archaic streams unite to form the great river that flows on in its restless might, we find in promiscuous profusion the superb temples of all ages and all civilizations. Greek mythology has lent its assistance in naming such localities as Temple of Neptune, Point of Cyclops and of Thunder, Hercules Hill and the Pantheon.

The next point of interest is Castle Point, from whence are seen three castles in the act of falling, but held fast in situ. Next is Point Moran, mentioned above, then follow Bissell, Lincoln, Hollenbeck and Navajo Points. On the opposite rim stands Cape Final, the point around which the river and the valley turns; it is a bold and prominent headland standing far out into the valley. Just east of here across the river are the Promontories and Echo Cliffs, which, by the way, have nothing to echo save when the sullen rivers roar, answer to the scream of an eagle or an occasional thunder storm.

Over to the north stands Cape Royal and next is Shintu's Temple dedicated to the god of the kingdom on the little isle. Now comes chiefest of them all, Vishnu's Temple and his altar, standing there all alone in the greatest width and depth of the valley. "This is the masterpiece of all architectural forms here so lavishly displayed." It is a fair sized butte, pagoda-like in structure, with graceful flowing outlines that perhaps dwarf its height, but in reality it is a mountain with an altitude of 7537 feet. As we mount the parapet which looks down upon the canyon the eye is at once caught by this object which seems to surpass in beauty anything we have yet seen. It is this gigantic butte, admirably arranged and exquisitely decorated, that the sight of it must call forth an expression of wonder and delight from the most apathetic beholder. At the eastern base of the temple is Vishnu's alter, a rectangular pile of ruddy strata with level top. Near by toward the river gorge are the temples of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Next behind stands Greenland Point and Cape Final, then northward sweeps the view out of sight. To the north-east stands the Temple of Osiris and of Sett, both small but uniform and majestic. Next is the Coliseum and Cleopatra's Needle, beautiful handiwork of nature.

Among many thousands of majestic headlands, bold bluffs and impregnable cliffs stand a few more whose profound majesty commands our attention, most magnificent of all of which is the Temple of Brahma. Before describing it we will speak of the approach that leads up to it. Our point of view is from the porch of the Bright Angel Hotel, which is situated in the center of the rim of Bright Angel Bay. This is a beautiful canyon three miles wide and fifteen miles long and as deep as the floor of the main valley; the peristyle of which is formed by the bold promontories of Points Grant and O'Neil, extending themselves far out into the valley and leaving a uniform bay, a noble canyon-valley, the walls of which are thousands of feet in perpendicular height. Looking directly across to the north rim there stands the Bright Angel amphitheatre and river.

Then comes great monuments, the largest of which is the Temple of Brahma. Others are the temples of Devi and Zoroaster. This river canyon is superb in aspect with a double row of beautiful temples and towers on each side with parti-colored walls and tallus drift between the sections, upon which and its ledges are numerous growth of the pine family. A large extent of this symmetrical river bed can be seen at once. It starts far to the north as a narrow high ravine; in its course it receives numerous side ravines at regular intervals and at right angles, each of which leaves standing on its brink bold precipices, which overlook the whole extent. Those near the main canyon are the largest and best known of any.

Standing at the junction of Bright Angel creek and the river and

facing each is the Great Temple of Brahma. It is an extensive pile with splendid courts standing far out on the esplanade. This esplanade is upon the Tonta layer which overlays the archean black granite. The esplanade proper is made up of shales and sandstone layers, sometimes called the upper Cambrian. This slopes gradually upward to the red wall, which is 450 feet in perpendicular height. The next layer is the lower carboniferous blue limestone, stained red by the coloring matter in the layer above. It is 750 feet in height. This and the next layer stand out prominently, forming great buttresses at each of the four corners of the temple. The space between each pair of buttresses describes a segment of a large circle, forming in each case a gigantic amphitheatre. Each buttress in its final extremity where it merges into the rock below divides again in a semi-circular manner, making a claw-like grasp for its final hold. Each layer of the buttes sets back from its mate below until the red stained limestone wall is reached, which is 750 feet in perpendicular height. The next wall is made of red sandstone, terraced gradually back and holding talus drift from above; this wall is 1000 feet high. Next comes a straight and prominent wall of pale buff cross bedded sandstone for 400 feet. This is followed by 280 feet of upper Aubery lime of light color. All of this is topped by a layer of light yellow cherty limestone for 320 feet. In all they aggregate a mile in perpendicular height, variously colored and in majestic proportions, with tints merging into each other and yet sufficiently well marked for each one to have an independence of its own. This in the main represents all of the walls. Unless it has been weathered away, the cap is a small layer of light yellow cherty lime. The upper stories of these pyramidal temples form a more or less perfect rectangle.

At the junction of Bright Angel and the main river stands the temples of Buddha, Isis, Manu, Shiva, etc. Of all these Buddha is the greatest; in splendor it approaches its mate across the river, Brahma. Yet Shiva is a splendid temple, most perfect in proportions and delicate in outline, while Isis is most symmetrical of all, but stands low and hence is devoid of that grandeur due to massive size. The others including Zoroaster are small and not so complete.

When the sunshine plays on these silent painted walls then a truly sublime effect is produced.

Between Bright Angel and Grand View hotels there are fifteen miles of beautiful white pine, cedar, etc.; this is the Coconino forest. The rim along this distance is varied by bold bluffs, deep bays, headlands and bayous, prominent among which is Red Canyon. It is deep little gorge of a bright red color, covered in the spring by numerous and varied wild flowers and evergreen shrubs.

For uncounted ages Red Butte has served as a land mark for the wandering tribes of Indians, who lived and loved, hunted and fought



through the forests and plains of this great upland. The butte is a rare remnant of the Jurriasic age that still persists within the canyon.

Grand View Hotel overlooks a splendid panorama, together with what has already been described it includes that vast region to the north and east, wherein lies the Painted Desert that sparkles with many colors when the sun shines bright. Far beyond are the Narajo mountains, a reservation for the Indians by that name and the home of the famous Navajo blanket; this is about 150 miles away to the northeast in New Mexico. Nearby are the great walls of the Promontory Cliffs, the Great Bay, the Asbestos Region, Hance Trail, named for Capt. John Hance, a pioneer, and a feature of the valley; his Maunchesen philosophy amuses and interests thousands of tourists

Now to the northwest opens up the Angels' Gate-way, through which we see glorious scenery from either side, showing in shadowy outline cathedral spires and many dim and distant views of the most ravishing nature, well calculated to be a foretaste of the future happy estate to the orthodox Christian. From here a marvelous view may be had of a gorgeous city eternally in the heavens with streets paved with gold and gates of pearl and house not made by human hands, inlaid with precious stones, and a great white throne in the dim distance lighted by a pillar of fire; verily this is a new heaven on earth. Strange and weird is the vegetation on this red Esplanade, for the flowering yucca has shot up twenty feet or more into golden spikes of rare and ravishing beauty; the pines, pinones cacti, cottonwood and juniper all have taken on a new aspect. Oh, for a new language in which to adequately describe these glorious experiences. Oh, for more brain space in which to deal with this new phase of nature. From all points of view the mind is whirled into a maze of new delights until overcome and stupified by the awfulness of it all.

"Another veil is lifted and one beholds far away, through an enchanted golden mist, the wondrous walls and turrets of the eternal city itself, and see, through its streets winds, like shining gold, the River of Life, while myriad rainbows deck with added radiance the glory of the vision. Transported with the sight, the heavens seem to be opened and things unutterable to be unveiled before the eye, while as never before is borne in upon the soul the conviction that this mighty canyon is indeed one of God's great thoughts—one of the things not possible to be uttered—and is not and cannot be translatable into terms of human thought or speech."—Coconino Sun.

From Mr. P. D. Berry's Grand View Hotel near by on the rim one is in touch with much that is to be told. Down to the right winds Hance Trail for eleven miles to the most sublime scenery, ending at the swift and mighty Colorado. Here one can remain all night, returning the next day via Grand View Trail. An experience in the

Canyon for a night or for many such is one never to be forgotten, for here one is in touch with nature's noblest works. With a low and constant roar of the dark flood on one side and rearing walls on the other and eternal silence in between, broken only by the roar of the waters, and perhaps the distant echo of an eagle or an owl, here in this sublime spot one can commune with the soul of nature and feel manifested in himself the oneness of the whole world.

A section of the horse trail is so constructed as to merit the name of Jacob's ladder. When partly down and looking back to the dizzy heights above, then one can appreciate how small is mortal man and how great is Mother Nature. When reaching the floor of the Canyon at Bright Angel valley one enters the Indian gardens; here some Havisupi Indians once dwelt and cultivated crops. From here the trail divides, one passes around the plateaux and overlooks the swift Colorado 1326 feet below, in its black archaic bed, still grinding its eternal way through adamantine granite; and all around stands a sublime spectacle of great temples, towering bluffs, mighty hills and mountains, all arranged in a divine harmony.

"The exploration of this wondrous valley with its beautiful system of highways and byways, its intricate labyrinth of lateral gorges and hidden cloisters is destined to be a fruitful and intensely absorbing pursuit for a generation of future discoverers."

Weather and water were the mighty agents by which this gigantic piece of masonry was carved out of the plain level earth. It has uncovered the earth surface for many hundreds of square miles in this region.

M. H. LOGAN

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We gather the following from the San Francisco *Daily Evening Post* of August 2, 1902: At Coopertown, New York, at the foot of Otsego Lake, Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark has a very beautiful villa. Her extensive holdings have partly descended from the eminent writer James Fenimore Cooper. Within this magnificent domain are many splendid monuments, one of which is a large bronze Indian, mounted upon a huge boulder, which is covered with ivy. Upon the base of this is engraved the name Swami Vivekananda. It is said that Mrs. Clark will wed Bishop Potter early in October next; both were friends of the Swami.

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The museum of the University of California has just been enriched by a pair of mammoth tusks, measuring eight feet in length and nine inches in diameter at the large end. The ivory of one is in a perfect condition, while the other is inclined to crumble. They were washed out of a Trinity county gravel gold mine near Redding, California. The whole skeleton is now being sought for.



### Reminiscences of Vivekananda

Prior to the convention of the Parliament of Religions, adjunct to the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, which convened in Chicago, U. S. A., little was known of Vivekananda in this country. On that auspicious occasion, however, he appeared in all of his magnificent grandeur. It was on Monday, September 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M., when the opening address was delivered at the Art Institute, Chicago, by Barrows from whence the following few words—"Since faith in a Divine Power to whom men believe they owe service and worship has been like the sun, a life-giving and fructifying potency in man's intellectual and moral development; since religion lies back of Hindu literature with its marvelous and mystic developments of European art, it did not appear that religion any more than education, art or electricity should be excluded from the Columbian Exposition."

On that memorable Monday morning there sat upon the platform of the great Hall of Columbus representatives of the religious hopes and beliefs of twelve hundred millions of the human race. It was indeed impressive. In the center sat Cardinal Gibbons, highest prelate of the Roman Catholic Church on the western continent. He was seated upon a chair of state and opened the meeting with prayer. On the right and left of him were gathered the Oriental delegates, whose brilliant attire vied with his own scarlet robes in brilliancy. Conspicuous among the followers of Brahma, Buddha and Mohammed was an eloquent monk from Bombay, India, Vivekananda by name. He was clad in gorgeous red apparel and wore a large yellow turban, his remarkably fine features and bronze complexion standing out prominently in the great throng. Beside him sat Nagarkar of the Brahmo-Somaj, representative of the Hindu Theists; next was Dharmapala, Ceylon's Buddhist representative; next came Mozoomdar, leader of the Theists of India. Amongst the world's choicest divines these and many more, whose names would be more or less familiar, must be left out for want of space. This will suffice to show the setting with which our subject was surrounded. In "contact with the learned minds of India we have inspired a new reverence for the Orient." In numerical order Vivekananda's position was number thirty-one.

In his response to the address of welcome Swami Vivekananda addressed the audience as "brothers and sisters of America;" then there arose a peal of applause that lasted for several seconds. After which he went on to say: "It fills my heart with joy unspeakable to rise in response to the warm and cordial welcome which you have given us. I thank you in the name of the most ancient order of monks in the world. I thank you in the name of the mother of religions, and I thank you in the name of the millions and millions of Hindu people of all classes and sects.

My thanks also to some of the speakers on this platform, who have told you that those men from far-off nations may well claim the honor of bearing to the different lands the idea of toleration. I am proud to belong to a religion which has taught the world both tolerance and universal acceptance. We believe not only in universal toleration, but we accept all religions to be true. I am proud to tell you that I belong to a religion into whose sacred language, the Sanskrit, the word exclusion is untranslatable. I am proud to belong to a nation which has sheltered the persecuted and refugees of all religions and all nations of the earth. I am proud to tell you that we have gathered in our bosom the purest remnant of the Israelites, a remnant which came to southern India and took refuge with us in the very year in which their holy Temple was shattered to pieces by Roman tyranny. I am proud to belong to the religion which has sheltered and is still fostering the remnant of the grand Zoroastrian nation. I will quote to you, brethren, a few lines from a hymn which I remember to have repeated from my earliest boyhood, which is every day repeated by millions of human beings: 'As the different streams having their sources in different places all mingle their waters in the sea, so, O Lord, the different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to thee.'

"The present convention, which is one of the most august assemblies ever held, is in itself a vindication, a declaration to the world of the wonderful doctrine preached in the Gita: 'Whosoever comes to me, through whatever form I reach him, they are all struggling through paths that in the end always lead to me.' Sectarianism, bigotry and its horrible descendent, fanaticism, have long possessed this beautiful earth. It has filled the earth with violence, drenched it with blood, destroyed civilization and sent whole nations to despair. Had it not been for this horrible demon, human society would be far more advanced than it is now. But its time has come and I fervently hope that the bell that tolled this morning in honor of this convention may be the death knell of all fanaticism, to all persecutions with the sword or pen and to all uncharitable feelings between persons wending their way to the same goal."

It was during the last days of his Master at the Math in India that much of what in after life proved to be his character displayed itself. The following incidents are typical of many: It was during a visit of the Honorable M. L. Sircar, the Master's physician, at whose request Narendra (Swami Vivekananda) sang "Oh Mother, let the wine of Thy love make us mad; we do not want metaphysical discussion, etc." Before the song was finished all the company had joined in, including Sri Ramakrishna, notwithstanding the terrible condition of his throat, it being afflicted with a malignant cancer from

which he soon afterward died. The Doctor remarked that such singing was like a realization of the sentiment sung.

In appreciation of Vivekananda's splendid work of relief with its remarkable results the people of Dahrmপুরi, India, built and dedicated to him a large hall. Mr. Muniswami Naidu, who had been a large contributor to the building fund, formally opened the meeting, and after a very fine address, reviewing the Swami's many disinterested acts of love and charity, christened the building "The Vivekananda Town Hall," after which the Swami was the center of a veritable ovation. This occurred September 25, 1901, shortly after his very successful lecture season abroad.

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The following article is copied verbatim from one of San Francisco's most popular dailies. "The Evening Post" has always been just and fair. I am sure that any inaccuracies in this article are due to the hand and not heart:

"Advices from Calcutta announce the death in a monastery near there of Swami Vivekananda, the Hindu monk and philosopher who preached himself into New York's exclusive society. Vivekananda's original mission here was as a delegate to the congress of religions at the Chicago World's Fair. He remained long after the fair was over in response to invitations by members of the "higuer thought" movement in America who were greatly impressed by his teachings. Then society took him up as a "fad" and lionized him.

Vivekananda came to America without money, and refused to accept money from his numerous admirers here. He lived in the simplest manner and preached his severe Buddhist doctrines wherever he went. Swami is a Hindu word meaning free and is given by the religious order to which Vivekananda belongs, to those only who have reached spiritual perfection in the material body. There are only twenty such teachers in India, or in the world. They really live the life ascribed to Buddha in Arnold's "Light of Asia," wear the plainest garb of yellow, travel from village to village afoot, preaching and teaching, and accepting nothing save so much rice or pulse as would fill a little wooden bowl. Swami Vivekananda was an impressive orator and a deep thinker.

#### CONVERTED A DUCHESS

Swami Vivekananda who is said to have had such an influence on the young Duchess of Manchester that she became a convert to his Oriental religion, was in charge of the party that went to India which included Madame Calve and two American women who made his acquaintance in America and were enough interested in his theories to undertake the journey. There have been various explanations of the prima donna's strange desire to give up her career for a year and spend her time on the back of a camel. One of



these was the promise of the Eastern disciple of Buddha to restore her health if she undertook the pilgrimage. She preferred this course to the drastic measures suggested by the Paris surgeons.

Swami Vivekananda before he came to America was a wandering priest, bareheaded, begging from door to door, and eating what was set before him. He was sent here by a Hindoo priest, who paid the expenses of his shipment, like an express package, for Vivekananda knew nothing of money or its use. He had, in fact, no pockets in his clothes. He lectured for money but this was sent to India for religious purposes. Swami Vivekananda, notwithstanding months of residence in high mountains, in order to discard the material swathings of nature, was yet a man of the world, and believed in a certain conformity. He accordingly, against his religion, tried to eat meat. He was accredited with saying that the most difficult thing he encountered in his earthly career was the effort to dispose of the pork and dressed beef at the Chicago tables.

#### AMERICAN WOMEN FLIGHTY

"I would like very much for our women to have your intellectuality, but not if it must be at the cost of foolishness," said Swami Vivekananda in New York. "I admire all that you know, but I dislike the way that you cover what is bad with roses and call it good. Intellectuality is not the highest good. Morality, spirituality are the things for which we strive. Our women are not so learned, but they are more pure. To all women every man save her husband should be as her son.

"To all men every woman save his own wife should be as his mother. When I look about me and see what you call gallantry my soul is filled with disgust. Not until you learn to ignore the question of sex and to meet on a ground of common humanity will your women really develop. Until then they are playthings, nothing more. All this is the cause of divorce. Your men bow low and offer a chair, but in another breath they offer compliments. They say, 'Oh, madam, how beautiful are your eyes!' What right have they to do this? How dare a man venture so far, and how can you women permit it? Such things develop the less noble side of humanity. They do not tend to nobler ideals.

"We should not think that we are men and women, but only that we are human beings, born to cherish and to help one another. No sooner are a young man and young woman left alone than he pays compliments and perhaps before he has a wife he has courted 200. Bah! If I belonged to the marrying sect I could find a woman to love without that!

#### WESTERN CUSTOMS ARE WRONG

When I was at home and saw these things from the outside I was told it is all right, it is mere pleasantries, and I believed. But I have

traveled since then, and I know it is not right. It is wrong, only you of the West shut your eyes and call it good. The trouble with the nations of the West is that they are young, foolish, fickle and wealthy. What mischief can come of one of these qualities, but when all three, all four, are combined, beware!

But severe as the Swami was upon all, Boston received the hardest blow:

"Of all Boston is the worst. There the women are all faddists, all fickle, merely bent on following something new and strange."

The following article is from the pen of the Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills of Oakland and San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Mills is the pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland and president and lecturer of the San Francisco Unity Club. He was the first to greet and entertain the Swamijee during his stay in the vicinity of San Francisco. Mr. Mills is one of America's most eminent and liberal divines. He bears a national reputation as a scholar and lecturer:

"The Swami Vivekananda, who died in India on July 4th, was one of the men of our time. He combined in himself an encyclopædic knowledge of western science with the mastery of the profoundest philosophy of ages. He was a graduate of two universities, conducted on the European system, and was familiar with the writings of all the great minds of the Occident. Science was not an end but an incidental contribution to the great search for Reality, and yet he could converse with specialists in every department of modern learning and many times surpass them in extent and accuracy of knowledge in their own departments. He was a pastmaster in philosophy, and the most recondite theories of Greeks and Germans were to him as the alphabet of his mother tongue. He came of a people who for uncounted ages have devoted themselves to thought and meditation and discussion on the great problems in which our younger western world is now beginning to take a more general interest. For years he sat at the feet of one of the greatest of the "holy men," or Yogin, of India, and one of his most interesting writings is entitled "My Master Ramakrisna."

"After Ramakrisna's death he founded an order of traveling preachers' called Sannyasin, which is still very prosperous and from which several representatives have visited this country. In 1893 Vivekananda broke through the customs of his people and crossed the seas to represent the Vedanta religion at the World's Parliament at Chicago. He immediately attracted the attention of that distinguished body, where he was one of the most eminent figures. At the close of the parliament he remained in this country and England for some years, lecturing in New York, Boston and other large cities. As a result of his addresses a Vedanta Society was formed in New York and another in London, and since his visit to this coast one has

been organized in San Francisco under the presidency of Dr. M. H. Logan.

In 1897 he returned to India and so excited were the people over the reports that had come to them concerning his Western conquests that they paid him almost Divine honors. Triumphant arches were erected and his carriage was drawn from city to city by hundreds of eager admirers surrounded by tens of thousands of others.

‘In 1899 he returned to America and came to California seeking health, at which time he delivered eight noteworthy addresses in the First Unitarian church of this city. His death is a great apparent loss to the world, especially appreciated by those who desire a better understanding of the oldest religion on the part of the newest of natives. Of the three great natives of India who came to the World’s Parliament, Vivekananda, Virchand Gandhi, who represented the Jains, and H. Dharmapala, who represented the Buddhists, only Dharmapala survives. This eloquent orator has just arrived in San Francisco from Japan and leaves today for Los Angeles. It is hoped that arrangements may be made by which the people of Oakland may hear him in the near future. Vivekananda’s published works in English are Raja Yoga, Karma Yoga, From Colombo to Almora, My Master, and a number of separate lectures.’—Oakland Enquirer, Monday Evening, July 28, 1902.

‘The news that Swami Vivekananda breathed his last at Calcutta on Friday, the 4th instant, has come upon us with a shock. Although it was known for a year or two that the heavy and tireless work he did in America and the Western world as an expounder of the ancient Hindu thought had considerably shattered his constitution, still it was believed recently that his health was improving and that he would soon be able to resume his work with his usual energy and enthusiasm. But the will of Divine Providence seems to have ordained otherwise, and now that he is no more, the least we can do is to appraise justly the value of the work he did in his life and to learn for ourselves as well as to arrange to transmit to posterity all those lessons of nobility, self-sacrifice and enthusiastic patriotism which have so largely abounded in his career as a cosmopolitan Hindu Sannyasin. Born in the year 1863 of a respectable Kayastha family in Calcutta, he went by the name of Narendranath Dutt. He was a Bachelor of Arts of the Calcutta University and was preparing to become a lawyer, his own father having been an attorney at law of the Calcutta High Court. Before this could be carried out his father died, and the son who had already come under the influence of the now well known Ramakrishna Paramahansa of the Dakshinesvar Kali Temple became more and more closely attached to his *Guru* and took upon himself the life of asceticism and renunciation. In the days when English educated young Bengal was being agitated by the



new eclecticism of Brahmo thought, and when the late Keshub Chunder Sen was captivating all impressive hearts by his magnificent eloquence and broad sympathies, Rāmakrishna Paramahansa was silently operating in a corner of the great city of Calcutta so as to draw to himself a few select spirits from the young men, the restlessness of whose mind must have appeared to him to be a sure sign of their earnestness. It has now become a fact of history that Keshub Chunder Sen himself drew much inspiration from the great Rāmakrishna Paramahansa.

Of the young men who thus came under the inspiring influence of this great Brahmin Sannyasin and Vedantic teacher in modern Calcutta, the late Swami Vivekananda seems to have been possessed of the greatest and the most comprehensive capacity to understand the true meaning of the life and teachings of his venerable master. And it is no wonder that he was that master's dearest disciple. In time the master also died, leaving the little band of devoted and admiring disciples to take care of themselves and to so work on and live in the world so as to spread his ideas of religious truth and purity over as wide an area as possible. The influence which proceeded from Rāmakrishna Paramahansa is nothing new in the history of India, like Brahmoism or Christianity or Islam. What flowed from him was simply the old stream of Vedantic light and illumination; only the stream in its flow was more all-embracing than it ever seems to have been in the past in practice. And the great lesson that he wanted apparently to impress upon the mind of humanity was the lesson of the harmony of religions. How very largely the world stands today in need of learning that lesson can be well enough made out by all those who are able to perceive the clash and the turmoil that is even now noticeable in the conflict between creeds and religions. The absurdity of the conviction that all truth is contained in some one particular religion, or that any one religion is wholly true while others are partially so, or, again, that man by his ingenuity can pick up the wheat from the chaff in all religions and thus eclectically arrive at a religious composition which is altogether free from all kinds of defects and deficiencies does not require any detailed demonstration. And in India it was long ago recognized that religion is a necessary element in the institutions of civilization, that it grows and improves in character with the growth in the capacity of human communities to adopt higher modes of life and thought, and that in the naturalness of this growth is to be seen the fitness of all religions to enlighten and to sanctify those who follow them as a means of satisfying their deep-seated religious cravings. The Indian Vedānta is both a religion and a philosophy, and in its philosophic aspect it deals not merely with the problems which relate to the fundamental verities of existence but also in the way in which man is gradually enabled to

adjust his life and conduct, so as to be more and more in accord and harmony with those philosophic verities. It is a religion which, after reaching the highest pinnacle of religious realization and philosophic thought, finds it impossible to discard the lower stages in the progress so as to say, "it is all here religion and truth and philosophy at the top of this pinnacle. Nowhere else is there anything that is worth having. Oh, ye men and women, come up here, all of you, or perdition is your doom." Looked at in this way, the Vedanta is a philosophy of religion also. Swami Vivekananda's great work in life has been to endeavor to make the world realize this threefold character of the teachings contained in the ancient Vedanta of India, to fight against the war of creeds and religions and to make all men and particularly his own countrymen realize that the soul of man is fundamentally divine in character, and that the divinity which is so formed within each man and woman requires that the life which is lived by him or her should be divine in character and divine in all its motives. Even before he began his public career as a teacher, commencing it by his ringing exposition of Hinduism in the Chicago Parliament of Religions, his earnestness and power were known to almost every one who had come in contact with him. But it is the Parliament of Religions in Chicago that revealed him even to his mother country. With that revelation came to him the great scope that he has had to work out the mission of his master and when, after his tireless toil in America and England, he returned to India, the reception that Madras gave him was so grand and enthusiastic that we still see the events connected with that reception pictured before our mind's eye. Indeed he deserved such a reception, and as he himself is known to have put it, it went to the glorification of his master and of the Indian Vedanta which made his master great. We feel that we are too near the sorrow that has been caused by the announcement of his death to judge adequately the worth and meaning of his career. There is no doubt that he has filled a wide area and sown therein seeds of an inestimable value to man. It is in human nature as exhibited in human history to judge the work of the sower in the light of the harvest that is reaped. Now that the sower has sowed the seed and finished his work, the harvest to a great extent depends upon those whose duty it is to water the fields and to tend the young plants; and we have no doubt that there is still force and vitality enough in the ancient civilization of India to produce the men from time to time who are needed to serve that civilization in all that constitutes its peculiar essence and claim to Divine glory. Swami Vivekananda was a Sannyasin, and the serenely calm death that has come to him, at the conclusion of a life of such usefulness and divinely human service, is an event in relation to which no body has any right to complain. He has done in a most admirable manner the

work in life for which he prepared himself and paid his debt to nature. Today we feel proud that India produced him and that her title to honor in the pages of history has been considerably enhanced by him whose memory deserves to be cherished with reverence and love along with that of some of the greatest men known to the annals of humanity.—The Hindu, Tuesday, July 8, 1902.

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July 24, 1902

Math, Behu, Howrall, India.

DEAR MR. LOGAN:

Your two kind letters dated the 23rd and 29th of May have reached me. I thank you for the same.

The Swami Turiyananda has wired from Ragoon and is expected in three days to be in Calcutta.

We sent a cable to the New York V. S. on July 6th last with directions to communicate to you and all friends in U. S. about the Nirvana of our beloved Swami Vivekananda. He entered into the life eternal on July 4, Friday evening at 9:10 p. m. It came upon us so suddenly that even the Swamis in the other rooms of the Math had not had the slightest intimation of it. The Swami was meditating in his own room at 7 p. m. requesting all not to come to him until called for. An hour after he called one of us and requested him to fan him on the head. He lay down in his bed quietly and the one tending him thought he was sleeping or meditating. An hour after his hands trembled a little and he breathed once very deeply. Then all was quiet for a minute or two. Then he breathed in the same manner once again, his eyes getting fixed in the center of his eyebrows and his face assuming a divine expression, and all was over.

All through the day he felt as free and easy as possible. nay, freer than he felt for the last six months. He meditated in the morning for three hours together, took his meals with perfect appetite, gave talks on Sanskrit grammar, Philosophy and on Vedas to the Swami's at the Math for more than two hours and discoursed in the Yoga philosophy. He walked in the afternoon for about two miles and enquired after everyone very tenderly. While taking his constitutional he conversed on the rise and fall of nations with his companions. On returning he rested for awhile and then went into his own room to meditate—you know the rest.

At five in the afternoon next day his body was cremated in the Math grounds and a temple and a rest house will be built shortly upon the site, by raising collections from our friends.

The Swami Brahmananda, who was elected as the President of the Belur Math, during the lifetime of Swamijee has taken charge of the work of Swamijee.

Your cheque of Rs 904 for passage of the Swami who is to come



to you at California, reached us a few days ago. The bank refused to make the payment as the cheque was drawn up in Swami Vivekananda's favor. Kindly direct the bank to pay the money to Swami Brahmananda as soon as possible.

The Swami Trignnatita who will come to you, will sail early in October. We will write to you again immediately before his sailing. As for me, I, too might visit the West as soon as everything gets settled here and that will not be before February next.

All the members of the Math send their kindest wishes to all the members of the Vedanta Society there.

With cordial greetings to you, and blessings, I remain,  
Ever yours in the Lord.

SARADANANDA

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### Exchanges

Upon our exchange table we are more than pleased to find two of our old friends recently arrived. These chiefest of expositors of the profoundest thought of the Far East are the "Brahmavadin," replete with the higher criticisms of the world's best thought. Indeed so profound are most of the articles that a casual reader can scarcely comprehend their sublimity. The "Prabuddha Bharata" (Awakened India) none the less beautiful than its confrere, yet appealing more to every day states of mind, is replete with Hindu folklore, recent doings and Ramakrishna's sayings. The July number is truly a Vivekananda number. These twain truly make an invincible team in the sublime cause of Vedanta. (L)

The manager of this paper will be glad to hear of a trained Agriculturist who would like to give his services to teach poor Indian peasants better methods of agriculture. It is well known that India is an agricultural country. It is well known too that famine which has now become epidemic there carries off more agricultural population than any other. One of the chief causes of this frightful scourge is certainly the extreme ignorance and unprogressive ways of the Indian peasantry. The task is herculean, but shall not an effort be made to save them while there is hope? Will not those who can help come to the rescue of their unfortunate brethren? This is a rare and precious opportunity for some of our numerous unsatisfied farmer boys to study that profoundest of thoughts, Vedanta.

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### THIRTEENTH KHANDA

1. 'Place this salt in water and then wait on me in the morning.'  
The son did as he was commanded.

The father said to him, 'Bring me the salt which you placed in the water last night.' The son having looked for it found it not, for, of course, it was melted.

2. The father said, 'Taste it from the surface of the water. How is it?' The son replied, 'It is salt.' 'Taste it from the middle. How is it?' The son replied, 'It is salt.' 'Taste it from the bottom. How is it?' The father said, 'Throw it away and then wait on me.' He did so, but the salt continued to exist. Then the father said, 'Here also in this body, indeed, you do not perceive the True (Sat), my son, but there indeed it is.'

3. 'That which is the subtle essence, in it all that exists has its Self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it.'

'Please, sir, inform me still more,' said the son.

'Be it so, my child,' the father replied

#### FOURTEENTH KHANDA

1. 'As one might lead a person with his eyes covered away from the Gandharas, and leave him then in a place where there are no human beings; and as that person would turn towards the east, or the north, or the west and shout, "I have been brought here with my eyes covered, I have been left here with my eyes covered."'

2. 'And as thereupon some one might loose his bandage and say to him, "Go in that direction, it is the Gandharas, go in that direction;" and as thereupon, having been informed and being able to judge for himself, he would by asking his way from village to village arrive at last at the Gandharas—in exactly the same manner does a man, who meets with a teacher to inform him, learn that there is delay so long as "I am not delivered (from this body), and then I shall be perfect."'

3. 'That which is the subtle essence, in it all that exists has its Self. It is the true. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it.'

'Please, sir, inform me still more,' said the son.

'Be it so, my child,' the father replied.

#### FIFTEENTH KHANDA

1. 'If a man is ill his relatives assemble around him and ask: "Dost thou know me? Dost thou know me?" Then as long as his speech is not merged in his mind, his mind in breath, breath in heat (fire), heat in the Highest Being (Devata), he knows them.

2. 'But when his speech is merged in his mind, his mind in breath, breath in heat (fire), heat in the Highest Being, then he knows them not.'

3. 'That which is the subtle essence, in it all that exists has its Self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it.'

### Archaeology

Near Tubutama in Sonora, Mexico, an ancient silver mine of extraordinary size has recently been discovered by C. C. O'Keefe and party. The great dump was entirely overgrown with timber and within were many ingots of silver, tools and many skeletons of the

miners. Millions of silver ore are in sight. It is supposed that the mine was worked by the ancient Toltecs or Aztecs, and closed and sealed when the Indian invaders drove them out.—Ex.

In a Zapotecan city, in the state of Oaxaca, Mexico, L. Barres has found the ruins of an ancient city on Mount Alban, which shows unmistakable indications of having been submerged perhaps 3000 years ago, for traces of extinct marine life were uncovered. In the ruins is an obelisk similar to those of Egypt, which was found placed to the entrance of a tomb exactly as was the customs in Egypt. Mount Alban stands 1800 feet higher than the city of Oaxaca, and its central square was surrounded by great temples.—Ex.

Mr. C. D. Longworth of Cairo, after careful inspection, announces that the Sphinx will soon be a thing of history only, on account of the alternating dry and moist climate so recently introduced in Egypt by irrigation.

In July "Biblia" Mr. Arthur J. Evans gives a brilliant account of the work now going on at the prehistoric palace of Knossos in the island of Crete. An eastern wing of the palace has just been uncovered which gives every evidence of having been reserved for state and religious purposes, also the royal residence quarter. A staircase has come to light leading down by a triple flight to a hall with a double tier of colonnades, beyond which is a large columnar hall or Megaron. The most extensive deposit of inscribed tablets yet known have come to light, dealing mainly with palace accounts. The decimal system of calculation is much in evidence. Impressions of what must have been a royal signet ring, exhibiting a goddess and her attendants, of which a counterfeit had been previously found, gives proof that fraud was not unknown in the household of Minos. Bordering a long corridor is a great hall, from which an opening gives entrance to a bath chamber, on the walls of which a fine painted frieze of spirals and rosettes still partly cling. A Mycenaean cowboy is seen turning a somersault over the back of a charging bull, to the horns of the bull clings a girl in holiday attire, while another girl performing behind awaits to catch the first as she is tossed over the monster's back. The fallen body of a man underneath shows the grimmer aspect of those Minoan sports. (Verily the modern Castilian Torreadore and his train have an ancient if not an honorable ancestry.) An elaborate drainage system is present. The remains already brought to light cover an area of about five acres; that was ancient when Homer sang, yet in many respects strangely modern. Underneath the present foundations are older foundations, in which are found fragments of finely painted vases, gold jewelry and finely tinted porcelain of a most archaic period. The architecture and general character of the remains are surprisingly modern in appearance.



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